

The Evening World.

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WORKING TOWARD IT?

ELECTRIFICATION of the railroad systems of the entire country has been discussed from time to time. Steam railroad experts have long pushed it as a dream.

It appears, however, that the convention of the American Railway Master Mechanics' Association, now in session at Atlantic City, has been treating the possibility of universally electrified railroads quite seriously. Men entitled to speak with authority on railroad problems assured the convention that a general change from steam to electricity as a motive power would ultimately prove sound economy for freight as well as passenger service.

New York has seen it demonstrated—to the immense benefit of the city—that a huge volume of passenger traffic can move in and out of its big terminals without the aid of a single puffing, smoke and cinder belching steam locomotive. On Long Island, along the Shore Line well into Connecticut, to the northward on the New York Central, west and south on Pennsylvania lines—the electrified railroad zone pushes its limits steadily further.

Why should there be any halt in progress that has already gone so far?

It will mean incalculable gain for human safety when, throughout the country, steel cars and only steel cars run on electrified railway lines, when all railroads are fitted not only with block signal systems but with automatic train-stopping devices as well, when passengers, so far as mechanical skill can provide, are protected from the consequences of all failures of the "human factor."

Are those who direct the growth and development of the nation's great railroad systems, with all the first-class brains and all the hundreds of millions of dollars at their command, doing their best to hasten the coming of such a day?

PRACTICAL PATRIOTISM.

THE number of big business concerns in the city that have already promised to grant full pay to all employees summoned to serve with the National Guard on the Mexican border is a credit to New York. It is also an example for the rest of the country.

Doubts have been expressed as to the practical patriotism of American business men. Some of them at least are showing patriotism in the most prompt and practical way the situation so far offers them.

The Merchants' Association of this city, which represents more than 4,000 firms and individual business men, with over 390,000 men on their payrolls, declares in a resolution favoring the full pay plan:

The burdens incident to military service should not be permitted to rest exclusively upon those who render it, but should, so far as possible, be distributed among the people, in order that those who respond to the call of patriotism shall not suffer from loss of employment and earnings, nor their families be deprived of support.

Coming at the present moment, mobilization of the National Guard is going to show the country a lot it ought to know about preparedness. There will also be a first rate chance to see how far those who have profited by the country's prosperity are ready to look for ways to help it do its best.

"PROBABLY SHOWERS."

ARRIVING summer gave New York yesterday the coldest greeting in nineteen years. A chill temperature of 56 degrees at 8 A. M., a morning of leaden November skies and a dreary downpour in the afternoon ushered in the summer time of 1916 in a way to make the oldest and most philosophical inhabitant shudder between sneezes.

The coldest spring in forty-three years kept a stranglehold on June for twenty days and then turned the month over to summer with a recommendation to keep it damp and not let the sun shine on it. March this year was the worst on record. April and May were only tolerable by comparison. And June, up to and including yesterday, has been the diabolical in the memory of this generation.

Unless summer, starting from to-day, is prepared to make amends and call a halt on this policy of progressive refrigeration with probable showers, there will be no more patience and forbearance. We shall act as the late Mark Twain always urged us to act—we shall call a convention and do something about the weather.

Hits From Sharp Wits

One thing to be observed from the car window is that when a fellow gives most of his time to the discussion of preparedness the grass gets his crops.—Nashville Banner.

Some people make imagination do instead of thought.

When all children grow up to fulfill their parents' opinions and expectations of them, the millennium will arrive.—Albany Journal.

Some men are fools and others are called so by men with whom they refuse to agree.

Wise men and their money are not soon parted, principally for the reason that most of them haven't any.—Albany Journal.

Many people's underlying principles never are uppermost.

It takes many more words to explain than to tell the straight truth.—Detroit News.

Parents of the Philadelphia lad who swallowed a nickel promptly sent for a doctor. They ought to have sent for a lawyer. A lawyer can get money out of anybody.—Columbian State.

We never really know how high we stand in the estimation of some men until they want to borrow a man.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Letters From the People

Mechanical Draughtsman.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will some experienced reader please advise a young man seventeen years old who wishes to become a mechanical draughtsman and answer the following questions, also is machine shop experience necessary, and if so, how long should it be; what is the best way to go about it? I intend taking a three-year course in mechanical drawing evenings at Cooper Union. Have worked and am still working in a machine shop for the past two months and attended an evening

school for two months. Also what is the demand and pay? AMBITIOUS.

Route to City Island.

Replying to R. Beggs's inquiry as to the shortest route to City Island, it is as follows: Take Bronx Park

and Seventy-seventh Street; walk two or three blocks to the right to the West Farms Station of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad,

and take train to City Island Station. This trip will cost you but 10 cents.

Playing With Fire!

By J. H. Cassel



How Our Cities Were Named

By Eleanor Clapp

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No. 2—CHICAGO.

CHICAGO was named long before the white man set foot in this country, when there was nothing there but thick forest bordering a narrow, branching inlet. The banks of this river were covered with wild onions, so the Indians called it "Chicago," which in their language meant "onion." Some authorities dispute this derivation and declare that the name means not "onion," but "skunk." It is impossible now to tell which is the real meaning. Perhaps they both are, for it may be that the Illinois, as the Indians around Lake Michigan called themselves, had only one word for both odorous animal and vegetable.

Two hundred and forty-three years ago two Frenchmen, Louis Joliet and Pere Marquette, who had been on an exploring expedition down the Mississippi, were told by their Indian guides that they would show them a short cut into the Lac des Illinois, as Lake Michigan was then called. So the party paddled up the Illinois River to the Desplaines, where they landed and carried their canoes across a portage into what is now the Chicago River and proceeded down this to the lake. They were the first white men to pass the spot where Chicago now stands.

For over a hundred years after this the region that was afterwards Chicago sinks into oblivion. The portage was not much used by the early French explorers. La Salle mentions it in his writings, but there is no evidence that he ever stopped there for any length of time. The French seem to have had a stockade on the spot, but it was not until 1777 that the first settler appeared. This was Jean Baptiste du Sable, a negro from the French West Indies, who built the first house in Chicago and started a trading post with the Indians. In a few years he tired of the place and sold his house to a French trader, who in 1803 sold it to John Kinzie. This old house, which was known as the "old Kinzie house," was not torn down until 1837.

In 1837 the United States Government built a stockade and two block houses at Chicago, which was called Fort Dearborn. During the War of 1812, after Mackinac was captured by the British, Fort Dearborn was ordered evacuated and the garrison, escorting the women and children, set out through the woods for Detroit. They had proceeded but a few miles when they were attacked by the Indians and all killed or captured. The savages then burned the fort. In 1816 it was rebuilt and a small village slowly grew up around it, but in 1830 it contained but one hundred log houses.

Are You Reaching for Refinement?

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

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ARE you reaching for refinement? And have you reflected what refinement is?

Webster says to refine is to "purify," to "ennoble." Are you, then, trying to ennoble yourself and purify the atmosphere about you?

And do you have an ingrown belief that in order to do this you must live on Fifth Avenue or Riverside Drive with a retinue of servants?

Not at all.

You can find refinement amidst the most sordid surroundings. If you don't believe it, go down to Greenwich House in what is commonly known as Greenwich Village.

I was there the other evening to dine. As I came on the street where it is located I never saw a more unpleasantly located place for good measure when they were laying out the section.

It is approached from several streets and can hardly call itself its own. Hundreds of ragged little urinals of all ages romp about in childish freedom. An old curiosity shop that looks as if Noah emptied his ark in a hurry to get away.

Stand prominently on one of the many corners. Here and there throughout the street are produce stores, and the pushcart man is much in evidence.

But you can't mistake Greenwich House, or rather, its group of houses. Window boxes of geraniums greet your gaze, and the entrance, though almost blocked with babies, looks like some described in Dickens's books, for it is very, very old.

Yet the minute you enter you feel the peaceful spirit of refinement. Not so much by what is there, but WHAT HAS BEEN LEFT OUT OF IT. There are very few pieces of furniture and these are plain, simple. Three beautiful paintings adorn the walls—very few other pictures. The floors are polished clean, no carpets with its worn.

In a word the interior with its wonderful old colonial doors and windows has been given the opportunity to greet the eye rather than shabby hangings and floor coverings and bric-a-brac. I wish there could be a public censor against bric-a-brac.

A few good people live here—workers of moderate means—men and women who through the day do their part in the world's work and return at night to this harmonious haven amidst the seemingly hopeless.

The dining room with its uncovered table save for the plate doilies and with its soft lights from shaded candles might as well have been in the palace of a peer for all the harmony and simplicity it displayed.

In fact, I doubt if there is any board in the great city where a more pleasant, happy meal can be found. The food too is simple and served by one of the young women who acts as hostesses. And after the feast you go down into the "garden" for a dainty demi-tasse.

The "garden" is a backyard. Somehow some trees were forgotten and left there in the days when they were building; also some old ivy remains on the walls. There are a few chairs and tables, and if you do not want to remain out of doors there is the basement with its brick walls and fireplace.

Somewhere left a pair of ancient andirons and a wood fire burns as you sip your coffee. It just looks like Carlyle's old basement that I saw in England, where he smoked his pipe and thought his famous thoughts.

How people who live in Greenwich House are trying to help their neighbors by calling them in for recreation and learning is another story.

But I could not help wishing that every home-maker might dine in this place and realize at what small expense a refined atmosphere may be had if she herself will but allow the spirit of refinement to enter by cultivating a delight in simple surroundings, well chosen, as well as allowing only wholesome thoughts to influence her as she goes along. For it is the spirit of one woman at the head that permeates this place.

People are not always born with refinement. They refine themselves. It is within the reach of each.

As the cards came in, either I or one of my clerks called upon the family named, with a request that they place a trial order with us. These prospects, being unprejudiced, naturally acceded to my request and several of them became permanent customers.

With the passage of time the cumulative effect of this policy resulted in a business of considerable magnitude. By the time my competitor learned of my tactics I was securely entrenched. Now I am doing more business than he is.

"You've got your health," said Mr. Jarr. "Many millionaires would give all their wealth for health."

"Yes, so you say," replied the pessimistic Rangle, "but there are also an exasperating number of millionaires who have rosy, robust health and the means to enjoy it. I know a lot of poor people who are sickly. Poverty isn't health, either."

"What's the matter with you?" asked Mr. Jarr. "You are in a nice, pleasant state of mind, you are!"

"I've got troubles of my own," grumbled Mr. Rangle. "That's what!"

"Nothing going wrong at the office?" inquired Mr. Jarr.

"No, but I wouldn't be surprised. I think we're going to have hard times after the war," said Mr. Rangle; "but if you want to know

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett

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CONCEALING NEW ARRIVALS BUILDS A Grocer's Business.

A VERY simple plan has resulted in increasing my business substantially," said a suburban grocer recently. "When I first located here several years ago I found myself confronted with a difficult problem. A competing store which offered good values and rendered satisfactory service was well established. To secure much of its patronage was almost impossible. If I can't get my competitor's business, I can, at least, make an effort to secure that of new arrivals."

And as this is a rapidly growing neighborhood that should, in time, amount to a good deal.

I, therefore, had several hundred self-addressed post cards printed, and distributed them to the ten or a dozen really men located in my vicinity. I explained that my presence ensured healthy competition in the neighborhood, thus increasing its desirability as a residence, and requested that, as newcomers were located, the really men take the trouble to write their names and addresses on one of the post cards and mail it to me.

"As the cards came in, either I or one of my clerks called upon the family named, with a request that they place a trial order with us. These prospects, being unprejudiced, naturally acceded to my request and several of them became permanent customers."

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Our First Foreign War

THE first foreign war in which the United States was engaged began 115 years ago, when Tripoli issued a declaration of war against the New World Republic.

The ruler of the piratical African state had learned that the United States had paid larger sums to Algiers than to himself, and demanded a greater annual tribute. This was refused, and on June 10, 1805, he declared war. An American squadron under Commodore Richard Dale was dispatched to the Mediterranean, and was followed by squadrons commanded by Commodore Morris and Commodore Preble. The war continued until 1805, and was characterized by several feats of valor performed by American sailors. The Bey of Tripoli and the other Barbary rulers, who had long preyed upon the commerce of America and Europe, were brought up with a short turn prior to the Tripolitan war the United States and France fought several sea engagements, but war was not officially declared, and the difficulties were settled without recourse to open and avowed hostilities.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon By Helen Rowland

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CONSIDER, my Daughter, the SEVEN DEADLY VIRTUES of MAN, wherein he taketh exceeding great pride.

For, lo! his sins are ofttime endurable, but his virtues are the despair of woman.

Yes, consider his Discretion! For, lo! a woman is a colliery, through which a secret filtereth as water.

But she that seeketh to fish one man's secret from another is as one that endeavoreth to become confidential and chatty with the Sphinx!

Consider his Constancy!

For what woman was ever so constant to a man as he is unto his habits, his political opinions, his favorite newspaper, his daily routine, his pet pipe and the brand of his tobacco?

Consider his Devotion—to his OWN sex!

For, behold! women are divided against one another as a South American Republic, but men are all ALLIES.

Yes, verily, the noblest of men will lie shamelessly to the fairest of women in order to protect the guiltiest man from her wrath.

Consider his Love of Order!

For a hole in the heel of a dame's stocking shocketh him far more than a flaw in her character, and a frayed petticoat worse than a frayed reputation.

And the clothes which he droppeth in the middle of the floor, doth he not always EXPECT them to find their way to a chair and fold themselves neatly thereon?

Consider his Sense of Moral Responsibility for WOMAN!

For, alas! what man doth not firmly believe that if he can only keep his WIFE in the straight and narrow way he may go forth and merrily frolic along the downward path without losing his ticket to heaven?

Consider his Conscience!

For, like unto a faithful dog, it is WELL trained. It lieth low and keepeth quiet at his command, but ariseth and maketh a great noise when he needeth an EXCUSE.

It sleepeth while the game lasteth, but awakeneth when the bottle is empty and he hath wearied of the flirtation.

Consider his Penitence!

For, behold! a loving woman might forgive a man all his sins, but the pride and joy which he taketh in "confessing" them, WHO can bear it?

Verily, verily, the Seven Deadly Sins of man may be cured or ignored, but his Seven Deadly Virtues ye have with ye always!

Selah.

We want no time, but diligence, for great performances.—Johnson.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MR. JARR met Mr. Rangle at the restaurant where they generally lunched. "Haven't seen you for a few days. How are you getting along?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, I'm getting along all right, I suppose," grumbled Mr. Rangle.

"Same old thing—work, work, work! Gee! I'd just like to have a real good, long loafing vacation."

"You got your two weeks, don't you?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"What good is that?" replied the grumbler. "It just upsets a man. The first week you can't realize you really have your work off your mind, and the second week just upsets you when you do get back."

"Yes, and if you had it any longer you'd get tired of doing nothing and be only too glad to be at your desk again," said Mr. Jarr.

Mr. Rangle gave him a hard look. "Bunk!" he replied. "That's what they all say. Especially people who have never tried it. I tell you life is too complex. The more money a fellow makes the more he thinks he should spend. You are just as poor or poorer on fifty dollars a week as you were on fifteen. When you got fifteen dollars you knew you couldn't afford things and so didn't think of them. When you get fifty it just makes you want things."

"That you don't get fifty," remarked Mr. Jarr.

"I know that," replied Mr. Rangle, with a sigh. "If I did I'd get a lot of things I'd like to have."

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"That's a new one to me," replied Mr. Jarr. "I know your wife walks all over you at times, but I didn't know it was the heels that hurt especially."

"Oh, you get out!" said Mr. Rangle. "You know what I mean."

"Deed I don't," replied Mr. Jarr. "What do you mean?"

"Didn't you ever notice when the women are just aching to make it unpleasant for you, if you open your head to say a word that will give them a chance that they always walk on their heels?" asked Mr. Rangle.

"Never heard of that storm signal," remarked Mr. Jarr.

"Well, it's a sure sign of breakers ahead," said Mr. Rangle, shaking his head solemnly. "You just listen the next time there's trouble in the air. You can hear their heels. Then's when you want to lay low and say nothing. The storm's about to break!"

"This is interesting," said Mr. Jarr. "Are your observations the result of careful investigation of the manners and customs of enraged wives and other wild animals we have met?"

"You bet it is," said Mr. Rangle. "When you can hear their heels around the house you may know they are aching to have it out with you. They are ready to go on the rampage. One's only safety is to see nothing, hear nothing, feel nothing. Don't argue about anything; agree with all statements made by the home department."

"You're foolish!" said Mr. Jarr. "You imagine those things."

"All right," replied Mr. Rangle. "The next time you do anything against the rules of the house you just listen to the heels."

"Maybe that's what they mean by putting their foot down," remarked Mr. Jarr.

Later that afternoon he met Mr. Rangle again, and such was his friend's spirits that he thought a best to keep him out till late afternoon, just to cheer him up. As Mr. Jarr waited on his doorstep for Mrs. Jarr to let him in he listened apprehensively for the sound of heels.

But Mrs. Jarr was wearing bedroom slippers. However—

Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

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NEVER was the piano asked carelessly after you have finished playing, as it is liable to become caught in the cat's fur or mislaid.

A rather odd effect can be imparted to the country chateau by parting the lawn neatly in the center. You can borrow the neighbor's comb and brush for this, but be careful not to part the grass against the nap.

Any dents in the calf's foot jelly can be easily eradicated by massaging with the back of an ordinary lead pencil. Care should be taken not to use the front of the lead pencil.

No actual use has ever been found for the ceiling of a room. It's no good for dancing on and a short man can't lean against it. Ceilings are merely an extravagance, such as hand painted collar buttons and life memberships in the League of American Wheelmen.

In the majority of cases an egg that is laid at one end is liable to exert considerable influence with the other end of the egg also.